

# The Inquirer.

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 Forest Gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane, 11, Rev. JOHN ELLIS; 6.30, Rev. D. DELTA EVANS.  
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. H. RAWLINGS, M.A.  
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. W. COPELAND BOWIE.  
 Harlesden, Willesden High School, Craven Park, 7, Dr. J. LIONEL TAYLER.  
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## MARRIAGES.

BISHOP—MILROY.—On November 30, at Glasgow, by the Rev. D. M. Forrester, B.D., Rev. A. W. Bishop, of Manchester, to Jean Chapman, daughter of W. Milroy, of Springburn, Glasgow.

GREENWOOD—WRIGHT.—On November 27, at St. John's, West Ealing, by the Rev. Herbert Williams, Rector of St. John's, Tooley-street, S.E., assisted by the Rev. Julius James Summerhayes, Vicar of the Parish, Cecil Brian Greenwood, younger son of John Greenwood, of Woodburn Green, Bucks, to Cicely Charlotte Kyme Wright, only surviving child of John Kyme Wright, of Melbourne, and grandchild of the late John Kyme Wright, of Ealing, and 29, Bedford-row, W.C.

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# THE INQUIRER.

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

ALL the events of the past week are dwarfed into insignificance by the acute conflict between the two Houses of Parliament which came to a head with the rejection of the Budget by the House of Lords on Tuesday night. The situation that has been created is one of extreme gravity, and the principles involved go to the roots of our system of representative government. We are not concerned here to pronounce upon the merits of the Budget as a financial scheme, or to scrutinise the praise and the criticism which have been heaped upon it. The INQUIRER, as a representative organ of the liberal and progressive movement in religion, has no wish to claim special gifts of political or financial insight, and we recognise, frankly, that in the transformation of parties, consequent upon the appearance of new issues, which has been one of the conspicuous features of the last twenty years, political grouping is not so simple or so homogeneous as it used to be. But if there is any truth in the description of the Budget given to it by one of the most eminent of living economists as " a social reform Budget "—and this is a matter for dispassionate and unselfish investigation—then it is difficult for people who are deeply concerned for what the Bishop of Hereford called in a memorable phrase " the multitudinous life of the poor " to view its destruction with equanimity, unless they can see something more calculated to uplift and ennoble the life of the people to put in its place.

BUT it is, of course, the much wider constitutional question, as it affects our customary system of representative government, which is of paramount importance. The simple fact that the situation is without precedent, so startling in its novelty that all politicians feel that they are sailing an uncharted sea, shows that we are in the storm centre of a national crisis. Our constitutional system is one of delicate adjustments, and any violent disturbance may involve far more than the destruction of a single measure. Men who have been accustomed to associate civil and religious liberty with a democratic House of Commons and the gradual

curtailment of hereditary power can hardly be accused of panic or fanaticism, if they view the situation with grave anxiety for the security of their liberties and the peaceful advance of the country along the lines of progress which the past has marked out.

No one can pretend that what has taken place is a mere incident in the battle of parties, which we can forget to-morrow. It is possible that the view of the superior person, who stands aloof from politics and talks of quarrels between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, may be true in some cases; but this is not one of them. On whichever side we range ourselves, it is a conflict of aims and principles in government which threatens for a time to divide class against class, and friend against friend. At such a time, religion and ethics cannot be shut up in a silent paradise of their own till the storm is past. It is their business not to add fuel to the fires of partizanship, but in the very centre of the political arena to remind men of the lofty idealism, the scrupulous honour, the unselfish patriotism with which all battles on questions of rational welfare must be joined. And when, as in the present instance, questions of taxation and finance are concerned they must urge the paramount duty of detachment from merely personal or sectional interests, the purging of the heart of selfishness and the love of money, for the better government of the commonwealth. Nor can they withhold words of grave warning against the insidious encroachment of capital, in its effort to control the expression of opinion in the press or organised under the motto " Our trade our politics," as a serious menace both to justice of judgment and popular liberty. We ask, then, from the men of all parties, a spirit of moral sincerity and down-rightness, and a patriotism inspired by lofty Christian ideals of the common good, in their efforts to find the best way for the people out of the present discontents.

ONE of the remarkable features of the Budget debate in the House of Lords was the speech made on Tuesday night by the Archbishop of York. He is a rare instance

of a man turned aside from his intended course of action by the arguments of a debate, for he confessed that he had made up his mind to follow the Archbishop of Canterbury in his neutral policy of abstention, until he was compelled by the force of the arguments to which he had listened to cast in his lot openly with the Government. His speech may be described as the best product of the academic mind, but it revealed how illuminating a trained intelligence, with a wide knowledge of history, may be at the right moment in a discussion that tended to lapse sometimes from a high level of argument into the rhetoric of denunciation and the panic of vague fears. The passages in which he dealt with Socialism, used as a word to excite hostile prejudice, were conspicuous alike for logical grasp and insight into the human conditions of the problem.

HUMAN affairs in general, he said, rarely followed the lines of logical anticipation. New circumstances occurred which changed the situation. Proposals which might be injurious to industry or social life in one generation were quite natural and harmless in another. The logic of the old Manchester School had proved to be very bad logic, and was quite as bad in the direction of social legislation as many of their lordships thought it had been in the matter of Free Trade. The fact was that not so much by argument as by one of those general influences which were called the spirit of the times we had been led to take a higher conception of the functions of the State. Both sides of the House believed there was a great place for the collective action of the community in extending the opportunities, especially of its weakest and most ignorant citizens, of living a decent human life. It was a wise man who said: " Energy and self-dependence are liable to be impaired by the absence of help as well as by its excess, and it is even more fatal to exertion to have no hope of succeeding by it than to be assured of succeeding without it."

HE did not believe, the Archbishop continued, there could be any doubt as to the need of collective resources to give many individuals in this country a standing



ground for a chance. Would this mean that they would demand more? He believed it would have the reverse effect. It was in an atmosphere of hopelessness and resentment against social conditions that the extreme and bitter Socialism they all deplored flourished. Give a man a better chance, give him a feeling that the social system was not against him but with him and for him and on his side, and then his own individual instincts of energy and enterprise would be a more effectual check against the development of Socialism than all the arguments which could be urged against it by more fortunate persons. As for the great bulk of their skilled workmen, it was to their moral rather than to their political feelings that Socialism made its appeal. There was among them a spirit of real comradeship in their desire to increase the opportunities and improve the condition of their fellows. It was surely the truest wisdom to approach this social instinct on its moral side, to try and stimulate this sympathy, to train, guide, and instruct it on the side on which it was lacking—the side of the knowledge of history and of economics. The truest wisdom was not to alienate and embitter and to make it wilfully resentful and aggressive by using words about Socialism of mere indiscriminate dislike or passion.

THE death of Mr. Romesh Chunder Dutt, C.I.E., at Baroda, has robbed India of one of her most prominent sons. While in London this year he was frequently consulted by Lord Morley on the reform scheme, and his scientific and literary work, as well as the administrative capacity which was so remarkably shown during his long official career, will make his name remembered both in his own country and our own. In 1898 he presided over the Indian National Congress, and in 1900, in a series of "open letters," he entered—as will be remembered—upon a famous controversy with Lord Curzon on the question of land assessment.

THE recent death of Dr. John Herbert Wells, at the early age of 30, has added another to the list of heroes of the medical profession who have laid down their lives in the effort to relieve human suffering. In February, 1908, Dr. Wells undertook the scientific investigation of the treatment of glanders at St. Mary's Hospital, and in the course of laboratory work, which resulted in saving the life of a patient from what has been regarded hitherto as an incurable disease, he contracted infection himself, and died on October 16 last, after 18 months of suffering. He has left a widow and two small children almost unprovided for. It is thought that the best memorial of the courage with which he risked his life in the interests of science and humanity would be a fund raised by public subscription, to be held in trust for his family. A committee has been formed for this purpose, consisting of the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, the Earl of Dalhousie, Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton, and others. All contributions sent to the office of the *Lancet*, 423, Strand, or to the hon. secretaries and treasurers of the fund, Lord Dalhousie and Mr. Julian G. Lousada, at 16, Old Broad-street, City, will be gratefully acknowledged.

## EDITORIAL ARTICLE.

### THE SOUL OF ST. PAUL.

IT is not the legend that creates the hero, but the hero the legend. Whatever else may be threatened by the north-easterly blasts of criticism, the fascinating personality of ST. PAUL seems secure. Even VAN MANEN, who out-criticised criticism, and would leave us without a single genuine epistle, could not dismiss the Apostle himself, nor disregard the main testimony of the tradition of his brave and stirring life. The truth is that the world cannot possibly escape its influence, for it has burnt itself into historic Christianity and, therefore, become fused with the highest civilisation of the human race.

In a sentence of noble irony, FRANCIS W. NEWMAN said that "in reply to those who despise all inward experiences as simple delusion, it would be a sufficient defensive argument to say that love to God is as respectable a passion as love for the Fine Arts." May it not similarly be said that the study of ST. PAUL is as respectable a pursuit as the study of NAPOLEON or BISMARCK?

His career is certainly no less important or absorbingly interesting. The outer incidents of his life are rich in dramatic and even sensational situations. He moves in a world vivid with the vicissitudes of the chief creative epoch of religious history. No pirate of the Elizabethan age ever passed through more hairsbreadth escapes or thrilled more passionately to the glory of romance and adventure. It is only the withering force of familiarity that prevents our seeing in him the traveller through perilous lands and the voyager over strange seas. No life was ever lived more closely compassed by the risks and hazards of nature and the plots and intrigues of human treachery. If his mission had been that of a mere trader in Tyrian purple, or the perfumes of Arabia, the eventfulness of his enterprise would be a breathless theme to astonish dull wits out of lethargy. But he stands for something infinitely grander than this. He passes up and down through that dim age as the fiery champion of luminous ideals, suffering personal violence and imprisonment, and all the despairs and exaltations of a world-shattering campaign. Finally, he dies the death of a martyr, with that wild triumph in his heart which had made him more than conqueror, and which had once sung the psalm—Who shall separate us from the love of CHRIST? Shall tribulation, or anguish, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

The outer details of this heroic life are alone almost enough to circle his head with an unearthly aureole. But there is an

inner side to all this, and it is the heart of the Apostle that has held spell-bound the imagination and devotion of Christendom. He is pre-eminently the saint of all whose yearning and wistful idealism has to fight a dubious battle with strong passion, and to struggle fiercely, like LAOCOON, with the twining entanglements of sense and selfishness. It is not merely in the moment of his conversion that we see in him a tempestuous and lightning-riven soul. The conflict and the crisis are prolonged and repeated through life. Is it a thing for wonder that ST. AUGUSTINE looked so frequently to ST. PAUL, and sought to arm himself with the power of one so kindred with himself; or that LUTHER found in this Apostle the secret of his own redemption when a stained innocence had awakened to remorse? In Dr. FORSYTH's Congregational Lecture, recently reviewed in our columns, there is a characteristic passage where he speaks of a certain class of people whose "experience of life and conscience has no record of lapse or shame. Their world is a study of still-life; it has not the drama, the fury, the pang, the tragedy, the crisis of the actual world at large, with its horrible guilt and its terror of judgment. It opens to them none of the crevasses where glow the nether fires. They inhabit, morally, the West-end. They are in no touch with damned souls. They have lived in an unworldly purity, and have never been drawn from the jaws of hell or taken from the fearful pit and its miry clay." Such people cannot understand the soul of that strange man who was alive without the Law once. His appeal is poignant only for those who fall to rise, and are baffled to fight better.

But the Apostle had a yet deeper innerness. The tender mysticism of ST. JOHN was not altogether foreign to him. If he had whirling moments of trance and ecstasy when he was caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter, he had also those other moments of serene rapture when the closed eyes of contemplation gaze in quietness into the still depths of love. He experienced the peace which can only be found high above the storm, or deep below the heaving surface, or at the absolute centre of the whirlwind—that peace which is silence when it is not music.

It is, probably, this unified variety in outer career and inner character that continues to win the homage of present-day students and preachers. One of the finest of recent tributes to the greatness of the Apostle is a volume of sermons by the liberal-minded vicar of St. Mary's, Paddington. The Rev. A. L. LILLEY is now recognised as the most distinguished of the English interpreters of Modernism, and ranks among the ablest contributors to the literature of a wide-hearted Christianity. The present book is well-named "The



Soul of St. Paul,"\* for it is only incidentally, and by way of presupposition, that his Rabbinical theology is mentioned. Dealing as they do with typical contrasted moods and essential spiritual experiences of the Apostle, Mr. LILLEY's sermons speak livingly to the heart and mind of our own age. Without ceasing to be pulpit utterances of Anglicanism at its best, they are also literature of a very high order. The congregation is, indeed, to be congratulated that has the privilege of listening to discourses so full of moral strength, poetic beauty, and genuine religious inspiration.

Even to read them thus bereft of the appeal of the living voice and the eager personality of the preacher, is to catch the glow of a chaste eloquence couched in English of rare distinction, and to receive fertilising intellectual suggestion on many a pressing problem of modern religious life. We feel again with a new conviction how abiding and immortal is the influence of ST. PAUL and how the stress and tumult of his soul are those of our time, because those of universal humanity, and how the secret of his peace must be discovered afresh for every generation and made to-day our own reconciliation. We may understand, too, how great souls must ever misrepresent themselves when giving a theological interpretation of their fundamental relation to God. If we always remembered this we should look less to the statement and more to the substance of the faith of great religious leaders. Is it not with them very much as Mr. LILLEY says it was with ST. PAUL and ST. AUGUSTINE? "It does not matter what their view of the world-order and of God's relation to it may be. Their particular philosophy of life and of the place of evil in it may be what it will. You may have a ST. AUGUSTINE, insisting in season and out of season that evil is not a positive thing, that it is the mere privation or absence of God's nature from that aspect of things in which it appears, that it is practically a no-thing in a world which is essentially God's. But the moment that same ST. AUGUSTINE turns aside from mere theorising and looks on the actual state of his own soul thirsting for God, evil has become for him the most positive, in reality the only positive, thing in the world. On every side of him, without and within, there are forces which are dragging him down, which are his relentless and unescapable enemy. His love of goodness is a love of something which is far away, which is not here, which is remote from all he is and does, and from all that immediately influences him, which can only translate itself as hatred, inveterate and undying hatred, of all that. Evil has become for him the very substance, as it were, of all nature, from which only the constant miracle of God's grace can deliver." ST. PAUL undoubtedly reveals many of these

violent contrasts. It is not the intellectual statement of his theology—though this may be necessary to the better understanding of the man—that interests us as such, but the passionate and aspiring heart—the soul of ST. PAUL. We see this ineffectually struggling to make logical system out of a throbbing vitality which dynamically boils over all his and our static forms in an over-plus of personality. We cannot be too grateful to Mr. LILLEY for showing us how ST. PAUL matters, and matters intensely, to us of to-day; for setting before us stimulating illustrations of how, in the twentieth century, a preacher of the first may become a quick and kindling power in the pulpit, and a great argument for modern faith. For the theme of the Christian minister is still "Who shall deliver me out of the body of this death?" and our present age must rediscover for itself in its own terms, through repentance and forgiveness, the saving grace of God through JESUS CHRIST our Lord. And who can subdue us into this living truth more thoroughly than the strong soul that, beaten by tempests, passed into final peace.

"I with great violence have entered in,  
Storm ye with force the golden gates of  
heaven;

Oh freed from agony! Oh safe from sin!

I also am forgiven!

"Therefore on many a coast his cry was  
heard,

On many ears that earnest warning broke,  
Yea, with his utterance he strangely stirred  
The hearts of many folk:

"Fast chained he kept them in divine sur-  
prise,

Deep things of God he wisely spake and  
well;

Strange glory on his face, but in his eyes  
The memory of hell."

J. M. LL. T.

## LIFE, RELIGION & AFFAIRS.

### THE ROAD TO SUCCESS.\*

SUCCESS, according to some modern optimists, is one of the easiest things in the world to obtain. In fact, it is as much a quality of life as oxygen is a quality of the air; and you have only to open your mind in the right way, as you open your window, and it will flood your soul as the sunshine floods your chamber on a bright spring morning. Simply persuade yourself, to begin with, that you were never intended to be anything but rich and happy (success always seems to imply wealth with these breezy individuals), and that it lies in your power, in spite of the most disheartening difficulties, to attract prosperity to your heart and home as a magnet attracts steel filings, and you will have stepped into that flowery road trodden by the fortunate that leads to a house in the country, at least, if not

to a seat in the Second Chamber, and an obituary notice in *The Times*. There are, of course, a few things which you must do besides making up your mind to "get on." For instance, you must work hard, at the same time always holding the idea of opulence before you, and never so much as allowing the "poverty thought" to cross your mind. You must cultivate good manners, dress well, live temperately but not penuriously, look on the bright side, refuse to have birthdays, conquer your moods, insist on being well and on making other people realise that you are well (even when you are prostrate with fever), and emphatically declare that there is not such a word as failure in the dictionary. In addition to this it is necessary to develop your intellectual powers, keep in subjection every thought and impulse that wars against self-confidence, read inspiring books before retiring at night so that the sub-conscious activities of the mind may not be misdirected during the hours of sleep, and, above all, discourage under the most adverse circumstances the tendency to be fearful and anxious. A counsel of perfection indeed, and one which, strangely enough, instead of raising our spirits and intoxicating us with the thought that here, at last, is the solution to all the mental, moral, and economic difficulties of our time, reduces us to a state of depression that would seem reprehensible enough to the author of "Success Secrets," and that other radiant book, "Peace, Power and Plenty." The fact is that, infected as we are with the "weak human nature thought," which often makes us charitably inclined to excuse the "failures" when others would blame them, we cannot believe that the same victories are possible for all, irrespective of that diversity of gifts and opportunities which the successful business man, especially if he is an American, ignores so light-heartedly. To an individual blessed with superb health who has inherited (for we cannot give him *all* the credit, even for his virtues!) a buoyant temperament, the habit of decision, and that acquisitive instinct which is the millionaire's "secret of success," defeat is doubtless as meaningless as if it were a word in Aramaic. But we are not all as free as he is from the baleful influences of the "Gods of Crookedness," those evil deities of the Shintoist mythology whom we propitiate in the West when we try to counteract the effects of an unfortunate ancestry, a demoralising environment, and imperfect social conditions. Mr. Marden has some suggestive things to say in a chapter on "Mental Chemistry" in his earlier book about the interdependence of mind and body, and he is perfectly right in drawing attention to the fact that "we pay for all our unfortunate, vicious thinking in impaired cell life." He might have added that we pay also for the "vicious thinking" of our forefathers! Optimistic ideas and healthy ambitions undoubtedly make for physical as well as mental efficiency, and a happy nature is the sworn foe of disease, morbid anxiety, and nervous depression. And yet there is a certain hard brightness about maxims of success which are all based on the cardinal doctrine that each man is the captain of his fate, in the same degree,

\* Francis Griffiths. 3s. 6d. net.

\* "Success Secrets," 2s. net, and "Peace, Power and Plenty," 4s. 6d. net. By O. S. Marden. T. Fisher Unwin.



which makes us think of a sunny but bitterly cold day in mid-winter. The ground is glittering with hoar frost, the air is as clear as crystal, and the laughter of rosy children as they run about is like music in the ears of those who love them. But the rigorous weather is only bracing to people who are sufficiently well-clad, and strong enough to enjoy it; and a half-clothed, underfed, and generally dejected "out-of-work," with hungry little ones at home, may be excused for not welcoming it with cheerfulness. And it would be adding insult to injury to go to him and say, in a hearty, encouraging voice, "You have only to realise how splendid it is to be alive on a glorious day like this, and you will feel as jolly as I do." For the same reason it is foolish and unscientific to expect all our poorer brothers to "rise above their iron environment" (in Mr. Marden's rather fallacious phrase) as easily as certain men of naturally strong character, and inherited "grit," have carved their way to affluence, in spite of a bad start and a miserable youth. You might just as well expect every street musician to compose symphonies, and every pavement-artist to paint pictures for the Royal Academy.

For the truth is that not only are we being moulded daily by the environment in which we find ourselves, but we were practically shaped by the dead ages ago; and if "scientifically we know that within one tiny living cell may be stored up the whole life of a race," we also know that, "figuratively speaking, every mind is a world of ghosts . . . and that the spectral population of one grain of brain-matter more than realises the wildest fancies of the mediæval schoolmen about the number of angels able to stand on the point of a needle." This does not mean that men have no will of their own, and that we have no gospel to preach—we who are not optimistic to the point of fanaticism—but one of fatalistic resignation to the conditions which were mapped out for us before we were born. It only means that in all discussions on the subject of success, certain arbitrary limitations imposed by inherited tendencies or defects, by the action of society on the individual life, and by the lack of virile mentality, or even aspiration, which for ever prevents some people from achieving wealth or distinction, must be taken into account.

"It is said of a remarkably successful man of our times," Mr. Marden tells us, "that he is unable to see poverty." We can well believe it. Many people's minds seem to be so constructed, especially if they have that ability to turn everything into money which is so much admired, that they can also delude themselves without difficulty into the belief that the world exists for the prosperous, and that those who do not get on have only themselves to blame. The financial operations of some of these individuals should be rewarded, as a present-day writer has said, "not with a 'pile,' but with the pillory." Yet the author of "Peace, Power and Plenty" has very little to say about the dubious methods of acquiring riches, especially in his country, which have disgusted many a man with a sensitive conscience, and made the idea of entering the race for success, as the phrase is popularly understood to-day,

repugnant to him. It is true that Mr. Marden adjures us to "think beautiful thoughts: harmony thoughts, truth thoughts, thoughts of innocence, of youth, of love, and of kindness"; but in another place he describes a man who failed in his undertakings as one who, although "good and honest," did not "do business in a business way." This leads us to the conviction that he, too, realises, as many an unworldly person has done, that it is as futile to expect to grow rich by "thinking beautiful thoughts" as it is to try and reach the North Pole without making preparations for an Arctic winter. After all, "heaven's success" may justify "earth's failure," and it is well to remind ourselves every now and then that some of the noblest men and women the world has known have voluntarily taken the way of the poor and out-cast for the purpose of helping humanity, dreading neither the prison-cell nor the scaffold (for it has often come to that!), and fearing only to disobey the injunctions of the soul. "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it"; and to those who instinctively realise the truth of that paradoxical saying, there is less attractiveness in the appeal to self-interest and individualism implied in the gospel of success, than in the growing ideal of human brotherhood which would substitute co-operation for competition, the altruistic spirit for the personal love of fame.

"But thou would'st not alone  
Be saved, my father! alone  
Conquer and come to the goal,  
Leaving the rest in the wild.

Therefore to thee it was given  
Many to save with thyself;  
And at the end of the day,  
O faithful shepherd! to come,  
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand."

## TALES OR TURNIPS?

THERE is a fascinating picture in Dowden's "Life of Shelley" of a little host of five tiny people all rushing *au naturel* to meet him when they heard the poet's characteristic knock at their father's door. When they saw, not Shelley, who stood in the background, but his friend Hogg, they all gave a wild shriek, and ran away upstairs "presenting the appearance of Jacob's ladder with the angels ascending it." When their friend—the immortal child—overtook them, and sat down in their midst to tell one of his wonderful tales, we can imagine five little pairs of mystic eyes opening wider and wider, as they scale the heights with him, peak after peak of mystery and wonder unfolding as they go. Shelley, who had just returned from a visit to Ireland and Wales, may have been initiating these little people into the beauties of the Celtic fairyland. And now, a century later it may be that our children will be revelling in some of the same old old stories of the Irish peasants as told by modern writers.

English readers owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. A. P. Graves, for familiarising them with some of the treasures of Irish and Welsh literature, of which he has such extensive knowledge. He has written a most enlightening preface to his collection

of fairy tales\* explaining many words and customs that might otherwise have remained unintelligible to the mere Saxon! The illustrations by George Denham are very well done, mostly in black and white, with illuminated capitals in red. There are a few charming poems included. Thus Norah Hopper, so tranquil and tender in "The Lament of the Last Leprechaun":

For the red shoon of the Shee,  
For the falling o' the leaf,  
For the wind among the reeds,  
My grief.

For the sorrow of the sea,  
For the song's unquicken'd seeds,  
For the sleeping of the Shee,  
My grief.

"The Stolen Child," by W. B. Yeats, has this refrain with its plaintive lilt:—

Come away, O human child!  
To the waters and the wild  
With a faery, hand in hand,  
For the world's more full of weeping than  
you can understand.

The prose tales are infinite in variety, and where there is so much that is excellent it is not easy to say which will be favourites with children of all ages. But they must indeed be made of churlish stuff who fail to laugh over the frolics of "The Mad Pudding," told by Will Carleton, and the "Adventures of Daniel O'Rourke," who, anticipating airships, went on a trip to the moon. Irish fun shines in full splendour, many of the tales being written with all the charm and witchery of the simple country people—happy beings who still believe in mystic things.

"Who knows," wrote Mrs. Carlyle, "what my imagination might have been had it grown up in a land of tales instead of a land of turnips?" It is difficult to over-estimate the value of literature of this kind to the unfolding mind of the child, for it kindles the imagination, a quality of the soul that we should ever keep bright and pure. An imaginative child, who listens eagerly to a fairy tale or romance, shows the same qualities that go to the making of a religious man or woman—awe, wonder, faith, reverence, simplicity—and great is our responsibility if we fail to nourish them in their early days of growth. Moreover, every little toddler is potentially a poet, an artist, a musician, a philosopher, and the great ones of the earth are the men and women of consummate imagination. Coming down to the level of our ordinary life, we all know how much more beautiful the many good qualities of our friends become when illuminated by this gift of the spirit. It enables us to enter into the lives of others, to share their joys and sorrows. It makes us quick to see their needs and anxious to satisfy them. Who knows the tale of Polly Ann? It appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* a few days ago. A little girl of six was asked in school why she was wearing such a dirty pinny. She replied, tearfully, "'Cause I I haven't a clean one, and nobody will wash it, and all my clothes is dirty, and nobody won't wash them.'" It was a half-holiday, and Polly Ann said "You fetch me your pinnies and your other things, and I'll wash them for you, and iron them," and

\* Irish Fairy Tales. T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.



then-to-morrow you'll be as smart as any of them." And she did. And what a loveable little creature we feel her to be. Polly Ann had imagination. We sometimes hear a person described as "of no imagination," and we are immediately reminded of certain types. There is the man who boasts when talking about his religion, "I believe in 'Uxley and conduct, I do," and the woman who solemnly shakes her head, and gently chides a young mother: "My dear, it is very wrong to encourage the child to say things that are not true," namely, that fairies had actually been seen dancing on the sea-shore. Mercy on us! What a prospect for the child. Then there is the teacher who groans over the children who have no great passion for tables or other forms of turnip dietary. They may be able to soar on angel wings into the realms of fancy; they may speculate on first causes, and wonder how the world could be made when there was nothing to make it out of; they may be able to write little tales of their own—but what have these things to do with education? A child who cannot grind out tables at the tender age of seven is a failure forsooth, and is complained of as being dreamy and imaginative, so little appreciation has this type of teacher of the child thus equipped.

There is so much demand for tales of all sorts from a child that we must believe it was meant to be satisfied. If there are any sceptics on the subject, let them learn a lesson from Wordsworth. He dwells in the Prelude on the child's need of freedom to wander "among the shining streams of fairy land, the forest of romance," and describes his own childish delight when the gorgeous beauties of the Arabian Nights were first revealed to him. He pleads also for liberty for the child in other ways, and tells us what an inestimable boon it was to him to be allowed to wander alone during his young days at Hawkshead, thinking his own thoughts, and getting into living touch with Nature. This is a truth that we are in danger of forgetting in these strenuous days. Children are never let alone—they are constantly being dragooned into this, that, or the other, looked after, and amused. They are surfeited with attention as they are with toys, and have but little chance of developing their imagination or any other faculty naturally and easily. It is too readily assumed that the child's impulse is to do wrong if left to go its own sweet way. A young hopeful, it is true, often wants to do things that it does not suit our dull, grown-up ways that he should do, but that is an entirely different story. The child who suggests "playing cab" with the help of a high-chair and his daddy's bag; who jumps with delight over what is to him a lovely train—to wit, a string of chairs and other items of nursery furniture, with Teddy as guard waving a flag of his own making—has much more vivid pleasure than if he had Gamage's (unlimited) to draw upon. His own little creative faculties have been at work making his playthings a part of himself, and therefore live and real. As far as outdoor life goes, there may not be opportunities for the free natural life the poet led in his native dales; but we do not always make the best use of those we have, and give children the chance of rejoicing

"in lights and shades  
That marched and counter-marched  
about the hills  
In glorious apparition,"

observing for themselves and assimilating what they can without being eternally badgered into learning facts about birds, or trees, or insects. Some day perhaps we shall have a man of imagination as Minister of Education. He would spend money on training teachers enough to enable children to be taught in groups, not in regiments, and we should have them less like machines than they are to-day. Fairy tales and folklore the Norse sagas, and Greek and Roman mythologies would be as important a part of the code as the three R's. And strange, unheard-of orders would be issued that no child should be allowed to go hungry either in body or in soul, that he should have opportunities of communing with Nature, of seeing the best in art, and hearing the best in music; but that brings us to something that has been defined as "the end of all things."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME, and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the senders.]

### IS GOD ALL POWERFUL?

SIR,—My brief criticism published in your issue of the 30th ult. of Mr. Hopps' address has produced some very interesting letters in reply, including one from Mr. Hopps himself. In the following paragraphs I have endeavoured to show, a little more fully, the grounds of my objections to some of the conceptions contained in the address. That these conceptions are repugnant to me is, of course, of no moment to your readers, except in so far as I may have succeeded in expressing a point of view, and, in offering the reflections, I am very conscious, not only of what Wordsworth calls the "sad incompetence of human speech," but also of the difficulty one who has had no training in philosophy feels in approaching a subject like this.

In one of Molière's comedies one of the characters rebukes another for saying he had come into the room, and says: "What you should say is that *it seems* I am come into the room." In the same way I have endeavoured to avoid "downright affirmations" and "burly negations."

Mr. Page Hopps, apparently, thinks of God as a progressive Being, and (in his own words) evolution as "the emancipation and onwardness of God." What, then, is the Being whom he calls God? I can only conceive of Him as eternal, *i.e.*, one who does not live the life of time. He is. He is life itself. Mr. Hopps seems, like some others, to want "a progressive Deity, capable of having His life enriched by successive experiences and without that terrible finality and attainment which strike a chill to their hearts" (P. H. Wicksteed). In Mr. Capleton's interesting letter, published in your issue of the 13th inst., he refers to the Vedanta philosophy, but I do not think that the view he puts forward is at all what Mr. Hopps means. I am told

the Vedantist conception is pretty much as Mr. Capleton gives it. Probably Mr. Capleton knows more about it than my friend, who was a member of the Vedanta Society, formed in London last year. However, it is, of course, a tremendously wide subject. The Vedantist would say that the visible and invisible creation is, as it were, a projection or thought from the mind of God. The thought is perfect, but its manifestation in time and space is imperfect. Only the infinite is perfect. This is not what I gather Mr. Hopps means. Rather, it seems, that, to him, God has created imperfection and, out of the maze, He cries to us for help.

There seem to be conceptions in Mr. Hopps' address which are at variance with each other, *i.e.*, after suggesting that God is not all-powerful, but "He has done the best He could with His material," he, later on, says: "In the end I am persuaded that we shall have to be content with the simple but immense inference that He is, accompanied by the conviction and the quite willing confession that we do not know the mode of His being, but that it must be entirely unlike ours." This seems a very different thing. After this, we read, "Come, then, let us help God! That is the message for to-day. We can help, and He needs it." If we can take this in the sense that Mr. Capleton takes it, no doubt this is true. But does Mr. Hopps mean it in that sense?

In his letter to you Mr. Hopps refers to Emerson, Herbert Spencer and Matthew Arnold as "those most modern and rational of theists." I should not have so described Emerson myself. It is difficult to think of him, except as a "God intoxicated man." Herbert Spencer surely stands on a different plane of thought altogether. A great intellect, truly, but hardly a spiritual teacher. As for Matthew Arnold, much as I appreciate him, I think his writings too much permeated with doubt to make him a teacher of spiritual realities. At all events, Dr. Martineau makes out a strong case against him in his "Ideal Substitutes for God" (1878).

May I add that I cannot reconcile Mr. Hopps' address with his other sermon, published in the November *Coming Day*, with its altogether fine and brave concluding paragraph.

Referring now to the other letters, it seems to me that Mr. Capleton's is the only helpful one. I have already referred to it, and can only add that I have not read Dr. Laurie's book. Mr. Smitten's letter does not help much, as Mr. Hopps truly says. It is interesting to read Lord Morley's remarks on Mr. Mills' views on religion (see "Mr. Mill on Religion," J. Morley, "Miscellanies," 1878).

Mr. Gardner Preston sends a quotation from one of Mr. Hale White's books. Mark Rutherford is one of the most sincere of living writers, but what Mr. Preston sends is a quotation in a quotation. Turning over "Clara Hapgood," this afternoon, however, I came across the following:—"He took down the 'Maimonides,' and for a few moments was lost in revolving the doctrine, afterwards repeated and proved by a greater than Maimonides, that the will and power of God are co-extensive, that there is nothing which might be and is not"; and, later on, "he fell upon the theorem that without God the universe



could not continue to exist, for God is its form." Both of these quotations appeal to me more than Mr. Preston's.

May I add in conclusion that, although science and "progress," in both of which Mr. Hopps seems to have great faith, are fine things, they are not necessarily, as it seems to me, helps to realise the inner heart of religion. Are there not times in the inner life when the experience which Edward Carpenter describes in the words quoted by Mr. Sadler, in your issue of Nov. 20, are true? "That the individual should know himself as identified and continuous with the eternal self is indeed to begin a new life. . . . To still the brain, and feel, feel, feel our identity with the deepest being with us, is the first thing. In that union all the sins and errors of the actual world are done away with. We are most truly ourselves."—Yours, &c.,

R. M. RANDS.

Thornton Heath, Nov. 28, 1909.

### THE MEANING OF SIN.

SIR,—While grateful to Mr. Sadler for his able criticism of Dr. Forsyth's ditheism and of his explanation in too Pauline (?) terms of his great morals and spiritual experience, I regret that he minimizes so much what to me is of the very essence of religion—we will not quibble as to whether it is the *deepest* human experience or not—viz., the sense of sin, repentance and the assurance of the forgiveness of sin. This seems to me Dr. Forsyth's strong point, that which makes him such an enthusiastic religious teacher, as it has been the strong point of Evangelicalism and the source of its power for good in the world. The fact of sin, however, can be over-emphasised.

When one has come to see that our sins are not due to our being fallen creatures, nor are forgiven by God because Jesus suffered in our room and stead, there seems to be great danger of going to the other extremes, and minimising that fact of sin and acting as if we did not need forgiveness and the assurance that we are forgiven. Because we are able to be good and because God forgives as we forgive our debtors, and as the father forgave his prodigal son, people seem to be able easily to sink into believing that they are good enough, that practically they don't need to repent of their sins, to receive the forgiveness of them and be awakened to newness of life. I fancy that I here lay my finger on the truly weak spot of Liberal Christianity. It seems to me to be the reason for the stagnation of the Unitarian movement.

It amazes me that in the Unitarian press, and practically in all their literature, this question of sin, repentance and forgiveness, and consequent inspiration by the Holy Spirit, is conspicuous by its absence. No wonder we do not increase and multiply, but have so many dwindling churches. We have no regenerating gospel. The secret of Evangelicalism in the past—though, of course, with much of its theology I, being a Unitarian, do not agree—was the fact that it dealt drastically with human sin and brought sinners to repentance and the assurance of full and free forgiveness. The Unitarian and New Theology move-

ment needs a similar message in order to be a living force and to have a future.

It would be interesting to know how many people Edward Carpenter has brought into being willing to "feel, feel, feel their identity with the deepest being within them"; and does that mean, being conscious of "the Spirit bearing witness with our spirits, that we are children of God"??

We were recently told by a Unitarian preacher, with regard to the *future* life, that "there may be much pain and tribulation to pass through, many sad and bitter tears of remorse to shed, before our hearts are cleansed of all their selfishness and sin." I would recommend Unitarian preachers to try to bring this about *here and now* among the people living at the *present* time in *this* world, and to begin with their own congregations; and once moral and spiritual fervour were kindled there, then they would be in a condition to go out to convert the world. Until Liberal Christians give the question of the forgiveness of sin its important place, I cannot see any future for them; I question if they can be regarded as believing and preaching the gospel of Jesus. Dr. Martineau saw this only too plainly and, I rejoice to say, preached the gospel in its entirety. And if only our present-day ministers were on fire with his Evangelical Unitarianism, we would soon have a movement equal, if not surpassing, the historic Wesleyan movement.

We were recently told in the *Christian World* that the central citadel of Methodism is the overwhelming consciousness of the indwelling Spirit of God. When we are assured on all sides that this is the central citadel of Unitarianism, as I believe it is, then there will be hope for Unitarianism. But if that be the central citadel of Methodism and Unitarianism, as I believe it to be of Christianity, why continue the names Methodist and Unitarian? Why not both Churches be united in a simply Christian movement in endeavouring to get the central citadel of Christianity to be the central citadel of the life of every human being in the country?

But I question if we can be blessed with the overwhelming consciousness of the indwelling Spirit until we have repented of our sins and received from God an answer of peace, assuring us that He has reconciled us to Himself and fully and freely forgiven us out of the fulness of the plenteousness of His mercy. As Dr. Martineau says: "Nothing is more needful than a clear and uncontradicted light of divine forgiveness."

WILLIAM WILSON.

4, Holly-gardens, Gateshead, Nov. 23.

### BELL-ST. MISSION: APPEAL.

THE Rev. R. P. Farley, who is in charge of the Bell-street Mission in a poor and crowded neighbourhood on the confines of Paddington, writes to remind us of the need of help for the coming winter. The Minister's Poor's Purse has been drawn on heavily during the past year, owing to the stress of unemployment last winter, which has only begun lately to show signs

of improvement. There is urgent need for generous contributions at once to help pressing cases of sickness and poverty and to meet the usual Christmas charities. Gifts of clothing will also be very acceptable. Contributions may be sent to Mr. Farley at the Mission, Bell-street, Edgware-road, N.W.

### THE "JOHN POUNDS HOME."

SIR,—Will you allow me space to convey our committee's most grateful thanks to all those kind friends who have been good enough to send articles or money for our sale of work on November 17. We have realised £29 5s. 7d. This is our first sale, and we hope to hold one annually, and thus still further augment our funds in the future.—Yours, &c.,

MARY ROGERS, Hon. Sec.

St. Simon's-road, Southsea.

### BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

#### DR. DRUMMOND'S "JOHANNINE THOUGHTS."\*

BY THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, M.A.

HERE is a book that it would be almost impious to touch with the hand of a critic. None but a scholar could have written it. Yet it is not its underlying erudition which constitutes its value, but the outpouring of an illuminated meditative and saintly spirit, fused with an imagination at once chastened and glowing. Dr. Drummond has undertaken his critical work on the Fourth Gospel in an earlier volume, and, as is well known, therein stands by the Johannine authorship. This, however, is a question with which the present book is not concerned, except in so far as it constitutes an assumption on which the writer proceeds. The work is a series of "meditations in prose and verse," but whether prose or verse, it is all beautiful and all poetry. It is a distinct enrichment of our devotional literature, and may be recommended for private meditation, for household reading, or for occasional use in religious services of the more social order. The preacher will find it full of valuable suggestion, and there are many wayside congregations for which the ordinary ministrations are not available, and where some earnest-minded layman having to conduct the service may profitably read a chapter from time to time to the edification and refreshment of the people. When a modern "Book of Homilies" is required, few could be found better adapted than this. There is not a page of it without instruction, together with stimulus and uplifting power.

Dr. Drummond's method is to take some striking saying or significant incident round which his thought has played, and open out its deeper meaning. The constructive work is generally beneath the surface, but now and then it is apparent in a few masterly strokes, as in the pre-

\* *Johannine Thoughts*. By James Drummond, Litt.D., D.D. London: Philip Green. Pp. viii., 200. 3s. 6d. net.



sentation of the interview with Nathanael. Only once is there a critical footnote, and then in justification of the new rendering given to a familiar passage attributed to John the Baptist. There is little or no technical discussion of the philosophical conceptions in which the Evangelist clothes his thought. Dr. Drummond is not much concerned with the historical value of the Gospel as a record or a biography. He well describes the writer as "a man lost in his own thoughts, illumined by his own mystic vision, which obscured the dull and prosy outlines of material fact, and saw no value in the transient accidents of human life, save as they became the symbol or the expression of eternal spiritual realities"—a description that will be accepted both by those who affirm and by those who deny the Johannine authorship. It was not the exigencies of polemics or of apologetics that determined the selection of material or the mode of treatment, but something far deeper in the religious experience of the writer, who seeks to express what Christ meant for himself.

For the proper appreciation of a highly spiritual production such as this Gospel, the prime requisite is a mystical imagination, and this Dr. Drummond possesses in a high degree. The mere scholar may dismiss much of its teaching in the same summary fashion as the author of "Supernatural Religion," who flouts it as "poor stuff." But gifted as that writer was, he failed in all but criticism for want of spiritual insight and sympathy—the very quality that makes Dr. Drummond's book so fascinating. Whether the "Thoughts" are "Johannine" or not, as being derived from Johannine sources, they are Johannine in the higher sense of affinity and sympathy. The Evangelist and his modern interpreter are both made of the same stuff, and their paces keep time to the same solemn and majestic music.

Dr. Drummond's verse, though not perhaps the most valuable part of his work, is on a worthy level, and here and there suggests resemblance to Dr. Andrew Bonar's devotional poetry. It has sweetness of flow, a liquid simplicity and sincerity, and is all of a piece with the prose, which, so far from being prosy, often verges upon poetry in a fashion not unlike that of Dr. Martineau.

I commend this book of meditations to all who turn aside for a time from the dusty highways of life—sure that it will guide them now to the uplands, and now to the green pastures and beside the still waters. Wherever it guide them it will have the effect of "restoring the soul," the soul that is so apt to shrivel and wither in the heated atmosphere of common affairs. The processes of criticism are valuable and necessary, but when criticism stops short of interpretation, as often in its treatment of the Fourth Gospel, there is disappointment and a failure in its highest results.

Mention should be made of the author's poetical dedication of the book to his sister—a parallel in some respects to Renan's beautiful dedication of the "Vie de Jésus" to the memory of his sister Henrietta—indicating to such as can feel the currents beneath the surface, the sort of influence in early life which made the writing of this book possible.

## MEREDITH'S LAST POEMS.\*

BY PROFESSOR C. H. HERFORD.

THE last poems of Meredith could not fail to be of deep interest. He is one of the few great prose writers in English whose poetry stands absolutely beyond question; he is perhaps the only great English poet who has shown himself, like Goethe and Victor Hugo, a great imaginative creator in the novel. Yet few men have won and held reputation in poetry with less of popular appeal; he never sought to capture the nation's imagination and purify its conscience by quasi-epic like the "Idylls of the King," nor to provide it with a felicitous re-statement of its cultured philosophy, like "In Memoriam"; nor did he even win its heart, as Tennyson did, again and again, by a song. His most considerable, perhaps his greatest poem, "Modern Love," has to do with a pathological story of private life, less apparently in touch with great issues than even the squalid criminal history, out of which arose the glories of "The Ring and the Book." And almost all his verse presents difficulties of a kind hardly to be paralleled elsewhere in English; calling for a rare combination of subtle imagination with athletic and resourceful mother wit, of the capacity for keeping pace with the poet as he steps on through the mazes of humanity and nature, with that of getting over, or round, the obstacles he gratuitously puts in your way. The gift of dreaming—*sich hineinträumen*, as the Germans finely say—and the gift of keeping wide-awake, are equally needful to the apt student of Meredith's verse, and have sometimes to be applied at the same time, like the two keys of a double lock, before some of the doors of his poetic mansion will rightly open. This is what makes him more difficult than Browning. For Browning's subtlety lay more in his intellect than in his imagination; no poetry is less dreamlike than his; his thought may outstrip us by its agility, but its transitions, however swift and daring, can be stated in definite, logical terms; they rarely depend for intelligibility upon the less accessible, but not less cogent logic of the visionary mood.

Meredith's poetry was great in several distinct domains; but one would single out three among the rest as at least representing much of his noblest achievement. He sang of heroic patriotism in odes and ballads like the "Nuptials of Attila," and the "France, December, 1870," the last a fit sequel to his prose commemoration of the tragic struggle of another great modern people in "Vittoria." In a second group of poems he cast upon the intricate woof of modern society a light now caustic or ironical, the "slim, feasting smile" of the Comic Spirit, now charged, as in "Modern Love," with a pity too deep for tears. Lastly—and here we touch perhaps the inmost core of all his poetry—there are the poems which utter in infinite diversity of accent that poetic worship of the Earth, in which the Nature-worship of Wordsworth and Shelley reappears fused with something nearer to the breathing passion of men and women, than either of them

knew. Love-rapture and the rapture of Nature came to him together in "Love in the Valley"; and we discover the glory of Earth anew through the ravished eyes of Persephone's child in the "Day of the Daughter of Hades."

The little volume of 62 pages—the last slow ooings of the autumn vintage—rather recalls than reproduces these three moods of his earlier inspiration. The grave penetrating strength of the Meredithian verse and phrase is still present, but the enthralling beauty which gives its haunting quality alike to the sculptured marble of "Modern Love," and to the liquid music of "Love in a Valley," visits these pages but once or twice. If the speech is often harsh, however, the high-hearted, heroic spirit speaks audibly enough through it. The old singer of Italy, in her darkest hour, has a song still for the centenary of her great Captain:—

"We who have seen Italia in the throes,  
Half risen, but to be hurled to ground,  
and now  
Like a ripe field of wheat where once  
drove plough  
All bounteous as she is fair, we think of  
those  
Who blew the breath of life into her  
frame—  
Cavour, Mazzini, Garibaldi—Three:  
Her brain, her Soul, her Sword; and set  
her free  
From ruinous discords, with one lus-  
trous aim.

In them Italia, visible to us then  
As living, rose; for proof that huge  
brute Force  
Has never being from celestial source,  
And is the lord of cravens, not of men."

For Russia, too, he has a heartening call:

A soul, that art thou. It remains  
For thee to stay thy children's veins,  
The countertides of hate arrest,  
Give to thy sons a breathing breast,  
And Him resembling, in His sight,  
Say to thy land, Let there be light.

But the heroic memories of England herself are now even more dominant with him. He sings the centenary of Trafalgar, not without a final note of rejoicing that his passionately loved France was now at length reconciled with the country of Nelson. One cannot but regret the more that in several pieces the appeal to the heroic spirit of Englishmen should be buttressed by militant allusions to Germany—

"Like him, our task is to be strong;

Unlike him, claiming not by might

To snatch an envied treasure as a right"; Words like these, express the spirit of a cheaper kind of patriotism than Meredith's. Elsewhere in these poems he parts company sharply enough, with those whose speech he here seems to adopt, as in the passionate pleading for the conciliation of Ireland, and in a sonnet—a very bad one we are constrained to say—where "this little isle's insatiable greed for continents" is compared to the "gas" which distends—and finally bursts—a balloon. It is pleasant to turn from these doubtfully inspired utterances to the all but unbroken grandeur of the lines to Milton, written for

\* "Last poems by George Meredith." London: Constable & Co.



the tercentenary last December. Here the close-knit, thought-weighted verse of Meredith acquires, as if touched with the Miltonic spell, something of kinship with Milton's mightier music; and we listen without any sense of inadequacy, either in the praises or in the praise, while the modern champion and poet of Freedom salutes its Defender in the name of their common England.

Were England sunk  
Beneath the shifting tides, her heart, her  
brain,  
The smile she wears, the faith she holds, her  
best,  
Would live full-toned in the grand delivery  
Of his cathedral speech; an utterance  
Almost divine, and such as Hellespont,  
Crashing its breakers under Ida's frown,  
Inspired; yet worthier he, whose instrument  
Was by comparison the coarse reed-pipe;  
Whereof have come the marvellous harmonies,  
Which, with his lofty theme, of infinite  
range,  
Abash, exalt, entrance.

Of the other two chief domains of Meredith's poetry, the second—the comedy and tragedy of modern society—has faded all but out of sight in this last volume. At most, a passing challenge to  
"You, ye fair yellow-flowering ladies,  
Who join with your lords to jar the chords  
of a bosom heroic, and clog,"

recalls the grave mocking wisdom of poems like the "Fair Ladies in Revolt." But his poetry of Earth, flowing from a yet deeper and more perennial spring in his nature, has lost none of its vitalising power, and wherever it finds utterance here, it becomes no longer possible to think of decadence or decay; the spirit of eternal youth descends upon the old man, and the deathless music of earth enters into him and sings as it were with his voice.

"Once I was part of the music I heard  
On the boughs or sweet beneath earth  
and sky,

For joy of the beating of wings on high  
My heart shot into the breast of the bird.

I hear it now and I see it fly,  
And a life in wrinkles again is stirred,  
My heart shoots into the breast of the  
bird,

As it will for sheer love till the last long  
sigh."

In one charming sketch he paints a young girl in colours so suffused with the breathing life of Earth that she seems a part of it like the damsel of "Love in a Valley." This "Nellie," whose coming is forefelt like the sparkle of the sun in the grey dew on the grass before he rises, who tosses a laughing word to man and maid "in notes as clear as when the February bird sings out that spring is near," who "in ballad days might have been a heroine rousing steel," but whose spirit is "like a meadow flower that gives, and asks for nought"—will have her part, lowly yet secure, in the Meredithian gallery of English girlhood, where Rhoda and Lucy hold the supreme place. But it is in the noble verses "On Como," which open the little book, that the Earth poetry of this closing phase culminates. The sudden storms, of terrific violence, which

often in a moment shatter the radiance of Italian summer on that wonderful lake, to restore it as suddenly, make Como rich in those magical moments in which the elements seem to be visibly impassioned and alive. One such moment was caught in these splendid lines by Meredith.

A rainless darkness drew o'er the lake  
As we lay in our boat with oars un-  
shipped.

It seemed neither cloud nor water awake,  
And forth of the low black curtain slipped  
Thunderless lightning. Scoff no more  
At angels imagined in downward flight  
For the daughters of earth as fabled of  
yore:

Here was beauty might well invite  
Dark heavens to gleam with the fire of a  
sun

Resurgent; here the exchanged embrace  
Worthy of heaven and earth made one.

And witness it, ye of the privileged space,  
Said the flash; and the mountains, as  
from an abyss,

For quivering seconds leaped up to attest  
That given, received, renewed, was the  
kiss;

The lips to lips, and the breast to breast;  
All in a glory of ecstasy, swift  
As an eagle at prey; and pure as the  
prayer

Of an infant bidden joined hands uplift  
To be guarded thro' darkness by spirits  
of air,

Ere setting the sails of sleep till day,  
Slowly the loud cloud swung, and far  
It panted along its mirrored way;  
Above loose threads one sanctioning star,  
The wonder of what had been witnessed,  
sealed,

And with one still as in crystal glassed  
Are the depths alight, the heavens  
revealed,

Where on to the Alps the muteness  
passed."

That this little volume adds anything to our knowledge of Meredith cannot be said. But in spite of its often defective artistry, it is not unworthy of him; the high spirit stoops not a whit and bids us be of cheer with a faith as valiant as any man has ever lived by to the last; and there are moments here and there in which the old genius flames out in undiminished splendour.

GEORGE MEREDITH: A PRIMER TO THE  
NOVELS. By James Moffat, D.D.  
London: Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.

A PRIMER to Meredith may be received by many as suspiciously as a surgical chart of Helen's face. "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes"—the fear, which goes to the heart of the schoolboy, the saddest victim of all primers, whose own youthful admiration for Helen of Troy is thwarted by these commentaries of crabbed age. We may trust his experience, and receive with caution all primers, especially when they attempt to do for us what our own imagination claims as its prerogative—the work of understanding fully and sympathetically the ideas of any great author. It is no small tribute, therefore, to this primer to Meredith's novels that we must confess it to be both fascinating and exceedingly useful. Dr. Moffat has, with the exception of his introduction, confined himself to giving a brief account of the plots, the

characters, and the motives of the novels. This account should recommend itself to all those—and we suspect they are not a few—who hesitate to read Meredith, because his subtleties and his abundance of difficult thought and difficult speech prevent them from keeping a close interest in the fate of his characters. There is no denying that he is often difficult, and there has been every excuse for those who like novels of one hero, one heroine and a villain. But now, that excuse becomes very lame. They have the plot before they begin. And to know the end of a Meredithian novel detracts little from its true interest. So the timid, assured that they have the plot safe at the back of their minds, may now spend time on reading carefully every sentence, however obscure it may appear; for as surely as bees from the carcase, from these obscure passages come glimpses of meaning, which make the beauty and the ugliness of a character live in one's mind; and the beauty of his women alone is well known.

In his introduction Dr. Moffat makes a fine study of Meredith, as a whole; the fruit of careful reading and of an honest pleasure in the work of the novelist. He represents Meredith as an acute and hopeful satirist of modern society, with which he was intimate, from the charwoman to the duke. According to the introduction, false pride and sentimentalism are for Meredith the two principal evils which cause the injustices and the unhappiness of the social world; and their destruction, either from within or without, is the only amends to be made for them. It is an atonement which often comes too late; and so the tragedies of some of the novels. It must be said, in conclusion, the primer tends to leave the impression that these are the only evils that matter, and their subjection the only good. Such an impression is an injustice to the novelist; and therefore such motifs are dangerous. Nevertheless, Dr. Moffat has done a useful thing in bringing the fact of sentimentalism before the sentimental—those people, in fact, "who seek to enjoy without incurring the immense debtorship for a thing done."

VERSIONS AND PERVERSIONS OF HEINE AND  
OTHERS. By G. Tyrrell. London:  
Elkin Mathews. Pp. 63. 2s. 6d. net.

HEINE has almost an uncanny fascination for translators. There is something in the magic of his verse which lures them on, like the singing of his own Lorelei, to their destruction. Father Tyrrell has fared better than many of his competitors in the same field, but he does not leave us satisfied. Just one word wrong in a whole poem, a failure of cadence or accent in a single line, and the fairy palace of sound lies in ruins at our feet. And yet this little volume of verse has a personal fascination of its own. Its daintiness, its literary grace, the very selection of the poems to be perverted into the music of an alien speech, are a revelation of the lighter moods, or possibly here and there of the secret emotional life of its author. But we must not push this latter suggestion too far, for in the preface in which Father Tyrrell indulges in light mockery of the translator as "a sort of parasite



in the literary body," with a reminiscence of the pungent Italian saying *traduttore traditore*, he explains that these translations are not his spiritual autobiography. "Much song is from the surface rather than from the depths of the soul. Like fungus on a tree, it has roots of its own, but they are not the roots of the tree." In addition to the verses from Heine, there are translations from Théophile Gautier and Sully Prudhomme, and a selection from the *Stornelli Politici* of Francesco dall' Ongaro, which enshrine the patriotic fire and the passion for freedom of the Italian Risorgimento. We cannot refrain from quoting the following lines on Tasso's Cell at Ferrara, by Lamartine, not because there is not other work in the book more delicately wrought, but for other reasons, which the reader will be quick to recognise:—

Free in a world where none are free, and  
great where none are great,

If Genius must expire at last, it well  
deserves its fate;

For ever at their city gates men plant  
the cross erect

To monish Truth and Glory of the doom  
they must expect.

Not slacker, then, but tenser, should  
their arm be nerved for strife,

And grasp the proffered honour, though  
the cost be more than life;

Their blood and tears are but the oil that  
keeps the lamp alight,

Which God has bid them bear before the  
wanderers of the night.

In *The Way of Truth*, Mr. James A. Walker has given us a slim volume of selections from the writings of George Tyrrell. (London: The Priory Press, Hampstead. Pp. 39. 1s. net.) It is not meant to be in any sense a chart or survey of Father Tyrrell's teaching, but simply to illustrate in a series of characteristic passages one of its pervading qualities, his complete loyalty to the great things of faith and the temper in which alone they can be discerned, his dislike of sectarianism as involving always some perversion of the truth. The selection begins with his golden saying, "The only infallible guardian of truth is the spirit of truthfulness." We hope that the aim of the compiler will be fulfilled, and that the fine literary quality and the searching religious power of these pages will send many readers to the books from which they are taken.

#### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

From CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS:—The Roman Republic: W. E. Heitland, M.A. 3 vols. 30s. net. Beaumont and Fletcher: Edited by A. R. Waller, M.A. Vol. 7. 4s. 6d.

CLARENDON PRESS:—Dante Quaestio de Aqua et Terra: Edited and Translated by C. L. Shadwell, D.C.L. 4s. 6d. net.

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH & Co.:—Science and Religion in Contemporary Philosophy: Emile Boutroux. Translated by J. Nield. 8s. net.

MR. A. C. FIFIELD:—The Camel and the Needle's Eye: Arthur Ponsonby. 3s. 6d. net.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON:—The People's Budget: Explained by the Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P. 1s. net. The Settler: Ralph Connor. 6s.

LIVERPOOL BOOKSELLERS' COMPANY:—Hope Street Church, Liverpool, and the Allied Nonconformity: H. D. Roberts. 6s. 6d. net.

MR. ELKIN MATHEWS:—The Meadows of Play: Margaret Arndt. Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. 2s. 6d. net.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHNEIN:—The Human Race: J. Samuelson, B.L. 3s. 6d. net.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN:—Peers or People: W. T. Stead. 1s. net. The House of Lords: J. Wylie. 1s. net.

MESSRS. WILLIAM & NORGATE:—Modernity and the Churches: Percy Gardner, Litt.D. 5s.

Young Days, Cornhill, Nineteenth Century, Contemporary, Light of Reason.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

DR. SVEN HEDIN's account of his last journey through unknown Tibet has been published this week in two substantial volumes, with eight coloured plates and nearly four hundred other illustrations. Doubtless the manysidedness of the work has much to do with the singularly strong appeal that it may be expected to make upon the reader's attention, for, whether regarded as a relation of perilous adventure and hairbreadth escape; as a record of the curious customs and manners of the inhabitants of a practically unknown region; or as a series of vivid pictures of some of the most magnificent and sublime scenery that the earth affords, it is a narrative of well-sustained interest and of valuable information.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROS. are adding, within the next few days, three new volumes to their Library of Living Thought. Sir William Crookes writes on "Diamonds," and gives the result of his researches in the laboratory, on the South African diamond fields, and among the meteorites of Arizona. "Crete, the Forerunner of Greece," is the title of a volume by Charles H. Hawes and Harriet Boyd Hawes; it shows the significance of the new discoveries at Knossos and elsewhere in Crete, in which excavations the writers have themselves been working. Professor Paul Vinogradoff, of Oxford University, contributes a work on "Roman Law in Mediæval Europe." The "reception" or adoption of Roman law by the emerging States of Europe was a marked epoch in their history, and his volume is by no means addressed only to the students of the law.

VOLUME II. of the "Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics," edited by Dr. James Hastings, is nearly ready (T. & T. Clark).

MR. R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, writing to the *Saturday Review*, deploras the fact that the short story is not so popular with us as it is in France, Russia, Spain, Italy, and Germany, where it has either supplanted, or is supplanting, the novel "as a means of artistic expression." In England he thinks the drama is displacing the novel; "but," he adds, "I observe with pleasure that our best writers, as Conrad, Hudson, Galsworthy, Geo. Moore, Henry James, and Ezra Pound, are devoting themselves more and more to short pieces, and in them are doing some of their finest work."

MR. RICHARD WATSON GILDER, who has just died at the age of 65, was the author of half-a-dozen delightful volumes

of poetry, and one of the founders of the New York Authors' Club. He was educated at Harvard and Yale, and became the editor of *Hours at Home* in 1869, and subsequently associate-editor (with Dr. J. G. Holland) of *Scribner's Monthly*.

MONDAY was the 100th anniversary of the birth of Mark Lemon, one of the founders and first editors of *Punch*. For the first two years of *Punch's* existence he was co-editor with Henry Mayhew, and after Mayhew's death was sole editor until his own death, more than a quarter of a century later. Mr. Punch owed not only his birth but his survival to Mark Lemon's assiduous nursing, for the editor helped with money as well as brains during the precarious early years.

VICENZA, midway between Verona and Venice, is not only one of the most interesting cities of Northern Italy, but also the home of the famous novelist, Antonio Fogazzaro, and the scene of his novel, "The Saint." This town has played an important part in Italian history, and can boast of an art school which has recently received considerable attention from German critics. In "Vicenza: The Home of 'The Saint,'" which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton announce for publication shortly, Mrs. Prichard Agnetti, already known for her admirable translation of Fogazzaro's great trilogy, has made a careful and scholarly survey of the Vicentine school. In addition to the art section, probably the first English contribution to the subject of the Vicentine painters, Mrs. Prichard Agnetti gives an admirable summary of the eventful history of the town, and the book is fully illustrated from photographs and from original drawings reproduced in colour.

"THE Coming Englishman," by Professor James Long, is among the new books. It is the author's purpose to illustrate the conditions which exist among men of the British race; to inquire why those conditions make for evil, with its long train of suffering and sorrow, and how—so far as regards man as a physical organism and the vocation he follows, whether "gentleman" or sportsman, farmer or trader—a new creature may be evolved, more like the image of his Maker, and what, in body, that Maker intended him to be. Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. are the publishers.

Two volumes of the Memorial Edition of the works of George Meredith will be published this month by Messrs. Constable & Co. The edition will comprise about twenty-five volumes, and will be limited to 1,500 copies, to be published at 7s. 6d. each.

MR. ELKIN MATHEWS is publishing a book of verses by Mr. Yone Noguchi, printed and decorated in Japan. Mr. Noguchi is a teacher of English in Japan, and he has travelled (and published poetry) in England and America, which he visited with the artist Yoshio Markino.

MR. G. H. FERRIS's "Emerson" will be published this month by Messrs. Bell



& Sons, in the "Masters of Literature" series, to which Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "Thackeray" has been added.

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MARK TWAIN'S new book, "Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven," will be issued immediately by Harper Bros. It is described as a blend of humour and common-sense philosophy, with not a little deeply religious sentiment.

## MEMORIAL NOTICE.

### THE REV. JAMES E. STEAD.

NEWS of the sudden death of the Rev. James E. Stead came as a painful shock to his many friends in the Manchester district.

It was known to only a few of his most intimate friends that he had for many years been suffering from a serious and painful malady. His buoyant and cheerful spirit effectually concealed from the world what was a constant source of anxiety to his family and closer friends. A slight attack on one occasion during the conduct of service some years since at Park Lane was a warning of what might happen. But in the lapse of years fears had abated, and it was with the swiftness of a seemingly unheralded tragedy that he passed away on Saturday last. While walking in the street he was taken with an apoplectic seizure and lost consciousness, which he never recovered, passing away in the infirmary a few hours later.

James Edward Stead was born at York on November 9, 1854. He was, as he proudly declared, "free born," and trained from childhood in the tradition and spirit of a free and undogmatic Christianity. Devoted from youth to the cause of religion and temperance reform, he turned naturally to the ministry of religion as his vocation. He entered the Unitarian Home Missionary College, then styled the "Board," in 1876, passing through its full academic course. His first pastorate was at West Ham, extending from 1879 to 1883. While there he married Emily, daughter of the late Mr. Bell, who proved a faithful and strenuous helper in all his ministerial labours. He is survived by his wife and three children, two sons and one daughter, and an adopted son.

While at West Ham Mr. Stead was an earnest and eloquent advocate of temperance, bringing his congregation into line with all local social reform activities. Among his fellow temperance advocates was Mr. Charles Peach, of Leytonstone, who, under his influence and direction, was later induced to enter the college in training for the ministry.

Mr. Stead held further pastorates at Heywood, where for some years he also had the oversight of Middleton, and at Park Lane and Mossley. His ministry at the latter place closed during the present year, and he was looking forward to a further appointment when the end came.

Mr. Stead served as one of the honorary secretaries of the Manchester District Sunday School Association, and in many other ways rendered special service to our allied congregations and Sunday-schools. His ministry everywhere was characterised by deep interest in public affairs, and by a

special loyalty to the cause of temperance reform. An able extempore preacher, an effective platform speaker, a student of natural science, and an untiring worker, a man of broad sympathies, catholic tastes, gentle and kindly in spirit, he leaves behind him many fragrant and inspiring memories among former congregations, his brother ministers and the larger circle to whom he was known by his public advocacy of various reform movements.

The funeral service was conducted at the Manchester Crematorium on Tuesday last. There were present, in addition to the members of the family, many friends of the deceased, including the Revs. R. Travers Herford, H. Bodell Smith, W. G. Price, W. Short, C. Peach, and G. Evans. The service was conducted by the Rev. G. Evans, who delivered an appropriate address, in the course of which he referred to Mr. Stead's labours in the temperance cause, and his ready service on behalf of the Van Mission. His friends, he said, were not prepared to receive the news which had proved such a shock to them. They mourned his loss, and were grateful for the service which he rendered to the cause so dear to his heart while health and strength permitted. This humble and imperfect tribute was paid to his memory because there was in him so much to respect and admire.

C. P.

## MEETINGS AND SOCIETIES.

### OUR LETTER FROM AMERICA.

BY THE REV. C. W. WENDTE, D.D.

THE autumnal meetings of the American Unitarians are over, and the denominational activities resume their usual routine of effective, if less conspicuous, endeavour to promote the cause of a rational and spiritual Christianity. The experiment of occasionally holding the biennial meeting of the National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches in a western city was proved by its recent Chicago experience to be a success. True, the attendance of delegates and public was much below the standards attained at Saratoga, Atlantic City, and other eastern resorts more easily accessible from the New England strongholds of our faith. But there were compensations for this, while the general spirit of the Chicago meetings was lofty and harmonious. As was to be expected in a territory where the echoes of the so-called Western Controversy over the limits of Unitarian fellowship are still faintly lingering, the inevitable discussion sprang up concerning the name of the conference and its implications. A proposal was made to leave out the term "and other Christian Churches," since in the twenty years which had elapsed since its adoption no Christian body had sought the proffered fellowship. It was proposed to substitute for this "and kindred churches." But in the discussion it was pointed out that this would be likely to prove equally barren of results. Finally, under the rule, the discussion went over for two years. It has since been suggested that in order to be just to the Canadian Unitarian churches which are included in our Conference the title be made to read: "The

Unitarian Conference of North America," a proposal likely to find favour.

Another religious convention held this autumn which deserves to be noticed by our liberal household is that of the body known as the Disciples of Christ, which recently celebrated its 100th anniversary at Pittsburg, with an attendance of 40,000 delegates, 25,000 of whom partook of the Communion on Sunday in an open field near the city. Of all American denominations this has of late years grown the most rapidly, numbering 1,327,559 members at the present day. The features which interest us in this sect are, first its congregational system of church government; second, the fact that it has no official creed, but makes the "open Bible" its source of spiritual illumination; and, lastly, the existence in it of a strong minority of thoughtful, earnest and progressive ministers, whose organ, *The Christian Century*, issued in Chicago, is one of the freest, broadest, and most readable religious journals published in America. While it is no sense to be claimed by Unitarians, its editorials, Sunday-school lessons, and contributions are singularly sane and scholarly, and in breadth of spirit superior to anything at present published in professedly orthodox journals in this country. This is only one of the increasing symptoms of religious progress to be noted in the United States.

The report of the First or Philadelphia Congress of Religious Liberals, the American counterpart of the International Congress of Unitarian and other Liberal Religious Thinkers and Workers, has just been published. It is an octavo volume of 300 pages, bearing the name, *The Unity of the Spirit*. Its contents will be found interesting to our European friends, if only to show them what may be accomplished by earnest endeavours and an irenic spirit, less intent on organising a new church fellowship than in bringing together for occasional testimony and mutual encouragement the advanced thinkers and liberal minds of the general religious community. The speakers whose addresses are given in this volume represented fifteen different denominations—Jewish, Roman Catholic, Protestant, orthodox, liberal, and agnostic; nearly half of them were of the laity, women as well as men, both coloured as well as white citizens. Our German liberal allies are meditating a similar federation to be formed in that country after the adjournment of the International Congress at Berlin. Why not also in England? The book is obtainable at the B. & F. U. Book Room, London.

The preparations for the Berlin Congress are already well under way. In the range of its fellowship and scope of the topics treated, as well as in the dignity and weight of speakers, this promises to be the most important congress yet held by our international association. It is too soon to give the personnel of the meetings or the topics treated. This must be left to a subsequent occasion. But we may announce that the American delegation has arranged with Thos. Cook & Son for a personally conducted excursion to the congress and return, which will embrace a visit to five countries and fifty-two days of travel and sight-seeing at an expense of 375 dollars (£75)



for each person. The entire cabin accommodation of a Liverpool steamship, with accommodation for 150 persons, has been reserved. The party will spend nine days in England, arriving July 23, 1910, including two Sundays. Later it will visit Holland, Germany, Oberammergau, Switzerland, and France, returning by way of Antwerp to America.

The Rev. M. G. B. Pierce, the Unitarian pastor at Washington, a young minister of unusual preaching ability, has been elected chaplain of the United States Senate, in place of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, deceased.

The subject of a suitable memorial to Dr. Hale is under discussion. A plan which meets with favour is the erection, under Unitarian auspices, of a great cathedral church in Boston, whose pulpit shall be open to all denominations, and whose pews shall be free, an enterprise which Dr. Hale had very much at heart and advocated with pen and tongue.

The theological stir created by President Chas. W. Eliot's address on "The Religion of the Future" has not yet subsided. Some 30,000 copies of it have been freely distributed by the American Unitarian Association, not as an exposition of distinctively Unitarian principles, which it does not profess to be, but as a notable testimony by a modern scientific scholar, a chemist by his early training, to the abiding power of religious ideals and influences in the guidance of life and the formation of character.

A more recent sensation in American church circles is Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon's book on Religion and Miracle. Dr. Gordon is not only pastor of the strongest Congregational Church in America, but one of the ablest minds, philosophically, in that communion, as well as the best preacher in Boston. Scotch by birth, the metaphysical turn of that remarkable nature is displayed in his power of philosophical discrimination and statement. His utterances on religious topics grow increasingly bold and radical. He has induced his congregation to set aside all creedal requirements for admission to its membership, except the simple covenant drawn up by the Puritan refugees in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, a statement of faith and purpose so broad and inclusive that it still serves the Unitarian society in Plymouth, Mass., which has inherited this first church planted on New England soil. Dr. Gordon, who is a member of the executive committee of the International Council, took an active part in the Boston Congress of 1907, one of whose sessions was held in his church. He has invited exchanges with Unitarian ministers, and last Sunday he exchanged pulpits with a Jewish Rabbi of Boston. But his chief heresy in the eyes of the unco-orthodox is this work on miracles. Made up of lectures delivered at the Yale College Divinity School and elsewhere, he frankly rejects in it miracle as a proof of religious truth or authority. He tells us: "Miracle is myth," "Natural law rules over all," "Miracles are no part of genuine history," "Christ's message is independent of miracles," "Miracles are interesting productions of human imagination, a chapter in the serious fiction of the world," "Miracles are logical possi-

bilities, but natural impossibilities," "The religion of miracles is outward and shallow," "The question of miracles is childish," "An idle debate of a purely academic nature," "The religious conception of the immanence of God in His universe tends more and more to make miracles superfluous." We have purposely chosen only the more radical utterances of the book divested of the careful qualification and rhetorical charm of its statements, its rich illustration from all domains of nature and life, its philosophical and critical power, and the deep spiritual piety which sustains and inspires the whole discussion. Many of the religious issues of the day are gathered into the scope of the book and receive illuminating treatment.

The conclusions arrived at in this work are not new to liberal thinkers. "The attempt to convert a man by miracle," Emerson told us in his famous Divinity School address, "is a profanation of the soul." No Unitarian teacher of eminence for half a century past has maintained their credibility. Dr. Gordon's book is noteworthy because of the school of opinion from which it comes, the signal ability with which it is written, and for its impressive vindication of Christianity as the religion of the spirit, the life of God in the soul of man. What intellectual and moral strength is required, what resources of personal popularity and influence, to make such independent and advanced teachings acceptable to a professedly orthodox audience may be inferred. We should be thankful that such brave, strong men are to-day practising the gospel of a free and spiritual Christianity in the pulpits of the land.

## NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

**Special Notice to Correspondents.**—Items of news for this column should be sent immediately after the event, and should reach the office on Wednesday, except in the case of meetings held too late in the week to make this possible. Reports should be made as short as possible. Long reports from local newspapers should be summarised and sent in the form of a short paragraph, except in the case of events of unusual importance.

**Ashton-under-Lyne.**—On Sunday evening, November 28, an impressive sermon was preached by the Rev. Principal Gordon. The Mayor, accompanied by several members of the Corporation, attended. On Saturday evening, 27th ult., the Boy Scouts held a highly successful social in the schoolroom, and gave a display of physical drill and ambulance work.

**Astley.**—A sale of work for the purpose of raising a fund for current expenses and repairs to buildings was held on Saturday. The sale was opened by W. Eckersley, Esq., of Lowton. The Rev. P. Holt presided, and in proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Eckersley, referred to the interest and help given by his father and grandfather in the history of the congregation; and the Rev. R. S. Redfern, in seconding, pointed out that their good works were well known throughout the district. Among those present were Rev. F. Holt, T. Hamer, Esq., R. T. Greenhalgh, Esq., J. Lee, Esq. Revs. J. J. Wright, J. B. Higham, B.A., B. Lister, M.A., apologised for unavoidable absence and sent their good wishes. The sales and donations amounted to £77.

**Burnley.**—Mrs. Broadrick, of Weston-super-Mare, has just concluded a short visit to Burnley, where for two Sundays she has con-

ducted the services at Trafalgar-street Unitarian Church. This is a renewal of old acquaintance very acceptable both to preacher and people, for Mrs. Broadrick's late husband was for some time minister of the church. Apart from that, her pulpit services give great satisfaction. Good congregations assembled, especially in the evenings.

**Chester: Matthew Henry's Chapel.**—The 209th anniversary services were held on Sunday last, the special preacher being Mr. F. Maddison, M.P. In the morning the subject was "The Message of Liberal Religion," the evening "Some Social Evils." In the afternoon a meeting was held in the church hall under the auspices of the Young Men's Unitarian Association. Rev. D. Jenkin Evans occupied the chair, and conducted a short devotional service, after which Mr. Maddison delivered a telling address on "Religion and Labour." The congregations were good, that of the evening overcrowding the seating accommodation, and additional seats were brought into the aisles. The able discourses were followed with close attention.

**Cradley: The Late Mrs. Thomas Brettell.**—Park-lane Chapel, Netherend, has lost one of its oldest and most devoted members by the death of Mrs. Thomas Brettell, of Stour Hill, Quarry Bank, Staffordshire, who passed away suddenly on November 18 in her seventy-eighth year. She was the eldest daughter of the late Samuel Sidaway, spade and shovel manufacturer of Quarry Bank, a man well known for his honourable character and excellent business qualities, and she had dwelt in Quarry Bank for the greater part of her life. It is now close upon fifty years since she and her husband settled at Stour Hill, and during that period she became known to an ever-increasing circle of friends. She was held in high regard by all, but especially by her poorer neighbours, who could always appeal to her for sympathy and help in their difficulties and troubles. The families of Sidaway and Brettell have been connected with Park-lane Chapel for generations. The first list of members in existence is dated 1735, and in that list the names of Sidaway and Brettell are found, and their representatives are still on the roll of membership. Her husband had been one of the Chapel Wardens for over twenty-five years at the time of his decease in 1893, and her son, Mr. J. A. Brettell, succeeded him, and now holds that office. Another son is Rev. S. S. Brettell, of Darlington. Two daughters also survive her. Her remains were interred in the burial ground attached to the chapel, on November 23, Rev. A. H. Shelley, minister of the place, conducting the service. A memorial service was held on Sunday, November 28, when Rev. A. H. Shelley paid a fitting tribute to Mrs. Brettell's memory, and alluded to the great loss which the congregation had sustained in her death.

**Dean Row: The late Mr. Thos. Worthington.**—At a meeting of the trustees and committee of the Dean Row Chapel, near Wilmslow, held last Sunday, the following resolution was passed standing:—"That the trustees and committee of the Dean Row Chapel have heard with deep sorrow of the death of Mr. Thomas Worthington, F.R.I.B.A. This meeting desires to place on record its sense of the great value of the long and devoted services which Mr. Worthington has rendered to this ancient chapel, as trustee and chairman of committee, and also of the great loss, not only to the chapel, but to his fellow-worshippers, to whom he had endeared himself by his unfailing courtesy and sympathy."

**Hindley.**—The Rev. John Moore concluded his long pastorate at Hindley, near Wigan, on Sunday last. Mr. Moore commenced his pastorate in 1891. He is retiring for a time from the regular duties of the ministry, and while hoping to preach for brother ministers occasionally, he does not propose to seek a new pastorate for a little while to come. His new address is Brookside, Brampton, Chesterfield. Preaching at his closing service, he said, "Eighteen years ago I took up the ministry of this congregation, and my constant thought and purpose have been to lead you and your children forward. It was early urged upon me to foster the growth of the young life within. In endeavouring to do this I have never lost sight of the means by which alone



it can be done—the mind improved and the heart enlarged. It may seem to some that we have not advanced far; certainly we have none of us yet attained. There are hills of God which as yet we have not trodden. There are heights of life which we have not scaled; so as my closing work I feel the constraint of that old command upon me 'speak to the children of Israel that they go forward.' And as I speak to you as minister for the last time, I would have you recognise with me once more the law of progress in the world and in human life. I would have you so to recognise it that your minds may be enlarged and your minds directed by it. I give back to you the trust which you reposed in me eighteen years ago. I came with some misgivings, but with a brave heart. I came from a free independent self-supporting congregation depending very largely on the free will offerings of its members. I came to try an experiment as to how far a trust endowed congregation can be made to yield a similar success. . . . I believe that the things which really matter, the things which last, which abide when all disputes and contentions are forgotten, are the good, the true, the beautiful things of life. I see the good continually coming uppermost, and I go away with the assurance that I have not gone in and out among you through all these years altogether in vain. . . . Time, like fire, tests each man's work of what sort it is. The work which I have tried to do here, imperfect though it has been, I trust has been sincere. In God's hands and your loving hearts I now leave it."

**Ilford.**—During the last fortnight an extra piece of land has been purchased and an iron schoolroom, measuring 50 ft. by 22 ft., is now being erected. The cost including furniture, will be about £200, and it is expected that the room will be opened early in the new year. The congregation considers itself very fortunate in this opportunity of purchasing from the County Council at a very cheap figure a room which will provide all the accommodation needed for its social life and activities. While it is not intended to issue any public appeal at present in connection with this object, the Christmas gifts of well-wishers to the special schoolroom fund will be very welcome, and may be sent to Mr. Arthur Beecroft, 13, Ranelagh-gardens, Ilford. The scheme has the hearty interest and support of the Committee of the South-Eastern Provincial Assembly. On Tuesday evening a well-attended meeting of the Literary Society was held, when the Rev. W. H. Drummond gave a lantern lecture on Algeria and Sicily.

**Liverpool: Rathbone Literary Club.**—A meeting was held in the Ullet-road Church Hall on Friday, November 26, presided over by Col. Goffey, J.P. Rev. W. H. Kellock, M.A., gave an illustrated lantern lecture upon "Venice." The lecture was enlivened by humorous touches and was an excellent presentation of "The Queen of the Adriatic." At the close the president proposed, and Rev. J. Collins Odgers seconded, a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Kellock. This was carried, and the lecturer briefly thanked his hearers for their kind reception of him. There was a large attendance.

**London: Kentish Town.**—At the Free Christian Church, Clarence-road, Kentish Town, a lantern lecture on "The Story of the Van Mission," will be given by the Rev. T. P. Spedding, missionary agent of the B. and F.U.A., on Monday, December 6. The lecture will be held in the school-room, and will commence at 8 p.m. This will be a good opportunity for the friends and supporters of the movement to hear what is being done through the agency of our missionary vans. The Rev. T. P. Spedding is to conduct the morning and evening services at the church on Sunday, December 5.

**London: Stamford-street.**—Memorial Service for the late Stephen Seaward Tayler.—On Sunday evening last, November 28, a large number of friends gathered together at Stamford-street Chapel, to do honour to the memory of Mr. S. S. Tayler, who, full of years and revered by all who knew him, passed away a few weeks ago. The service was of a simple nature, befitting the occasion, and in their addresses, Mr. J. J. Dent and Rev. W. Copeland Bowie paid an impressive and beautiful tribute to their late friend—a memorial of gratitude and thanksgiving for his noble and dignified life, and for its deep and far-reaching

influence. That influence was in some degree manifest in the character of the congregation which took part in the service, for there were here representatives of the various societies and associations for strengthening and uplifting the life of the nation, on the councils and committees of which Mr. Tayler had taken a leading part. Mr. Dent spoke on behalf of nearly half a million workmen, associated with him in the "Working Men's Club and Institute Union," of which he is president, an organisation with which Mr. Tayler had been connected for 42 years, as vice-president, and later president—esteemed and loved as a friend and leader; and he spoke also of Mr. Tayler's work as a London County Councillor and in connection with movements for the welfare of women, especially among the industrial class. The Rev. W. Copeland Bowie not only represented, as secretary, the Council and Committee of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, with which Mr. Tayler had been so intimately connected for so many years as treasurer, president, and trustee, but he spoke with warm eloquence also of his own personal friendship with Mr. Tayler during the speaker's ten years' ministry at Stamford-street Chapel. There were also present representatives from the Brixton and Wandsworth Congregations, the Sunday School Association, the London District Unitarian Association, the Presbyterian Board, the Women's Trade Union League, the Charity Organisation Society, the Brixton Liberal Association, Dr. William's Trust, the Widow's Fund, and other organisations which had felt Mr. Tayler's influence, and had profited by his singularly modest and unselfish service. It was good to be there, and while the speakers told us, in earnest words, of his ever-growing love of freedom and progress, of his hope for the coming of the true democracy, of his broad and noble faith in God and man, we felt a new zeal and an increased hopefulness, than which there could be no more fitting memorial of such a life—a desire to live with the same robust faith, the same frankness, modesty, and simplicity, the same love of justice, and the same undying belief that "all we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed of good shall exist; not its semblance, but itself."

**London: Essex Church.**—The Congregational Society opened its fifteenth session with a conference on the Poor Law Commission. Mr. J. S. Nicholson, of Tynbee Hall, gave an opening address dealing with the main recommendations of both reports, and argued that the Majority proposals, if at first adopted, would ultimately lead to the Minority scheme. There was an earnest discussion, in which the following spoke: Mr. J. F. L. Brunner, M.P., Miss D. Hollins, Rev. H. Rawlings, Mrs. Parker, Miss Chadwick, Mr. E. Worthington, Miss K. Bruce, Mr. Montague Harris, Rev. R. K. Davis, and the chairman, Rev. Frank K. Freeston.

**Manchester.**—On Monday, November 29, the Rev. Herbert V. Mills, of Kendal, who is president of the Manchester Naturalists' Society, delivered his annual address at the rooms in King-street on "The Influence of Genius upon Human Evolution."

**Manchester: Dob-lane Chapel.**—The half-yearly meeting of trustees and members of the congregation was held on November 21. The report presented and adopted contains much interesting matter, from which we quote the following:—The number of ordinary members on the register is 256, an increase of 14. This number constitutes a record for our congregation. The number of Fellowship members is 19. The committee have made strenuous efforts to increase the number of subscribers to the envelope offertory to 100, and regret they have only prevailed upon 30 persons to join, making a total of 72 subscribers, and the total amount promised is £84 0s. 6d. They confidently expect that when the trade conditions return to the normal there will be a further accession to this offertory. The attendance at the services has been fairly satisfactory; on three occasions the attendance at the evening services has exceeded 200. All the officers and retiring members of the committee were reappointed. Votes of thanks were accorded to the young ladies of the Sunday school for their weekly supply of flowers; and also to the choir, choirmaster, organist, and deputy organist for their helpful services.

**Manchester: Pendleton.**—A bazaar was held in the school-room on November 25, 26 and 27,

as the climax of an effort on the part of the members to raise a sum of £800 to repair and decorate the church and school buildings and put the finances into a stable condition. The openers on the respective days were R. D. Hill, Esq., M.P., Liverpool; John Harwood, Esq., J.P., Bolton; and the Rev. H. Enfield Dowson, B.A., who took the place of Mrs. Edgar Enfield Dowson. The chairmen were G. H. Winterbottom, Esq., J.P.; George H. Leigh, Esq.; and T. Fletcher Robinson, Esq. The sum aimed at from the bazaar was £250, and £283 10s. was realised, the success being due in great measure to the united efforts of all sections of members and of the school children. The result is all the more gratifying as it comes on the back of other efforts which have produced £277 11s. 2d. from the congregation, and £323 6s. from friends all over the country, the grand total amounting to £919, including a grant from the B. and F.U.A. The event has exceeded all expectation, and given the members much encouragement.

**Middlesbrough.**—The Sunday school anniversary services were held on November 28, when the Rev. J. J. Wright, of Atherton, Manchester, preached special sermons to large congregations. The Sunday school scholars sang special hymns, assisted by the church choir. On Wednesday, November 24, the annual tea and entertainment was held. The scholars performed with remarkable success two musical plays, entitled "Red Riding Hood" and "Blue Beard," and also rendered songs and recitations. To avoid overcrowding the entertainment was repeated on Friday, the 26th inst., to a crowded and appreciative audience. Great credit is due to the Misses Ward for their successful training of the children. We deeply regret to report the absence of our minister, the Rev. W. H. Lambelle, at these gatherings, who is at present in a private hospital at Newcastle-on-Tyne, having undergone a serious operation three weeks ago. We earnestly pray that he will be soon restored to health again, and with renewed energy take up the work which is so dear to his heart.

**Mottram.**—The anniversary party in November was attended by about 200 friends for tea and concert, with Mr. J. H. Elkin presiding. The anniversary services, November 21, preacher Rev. A. Cunliffe Fox, B.A. (Moss Side, Manchester), had good congregation for evening and a moderate attendance for afternoon, with collections slightly more than last year. On Saturday last there was an excellent recital and concert in aid of the sale of work and towards defraying the parsonage debt.

**Pentre, South Wales.**—Last Sunday week very successful meetings were held under the auspices of the above church at the Ambulance Hall, Treorke. The preachers were Revs. J. Park Davies, B.A., B.D. (Unitarian), Pontypridd, and E. T. Evans (Congregationalist), Llanbadach. The object was to introduce Liberal Christianity to a wider circle of hearers. In this the promoters were not disappointed, for very large audiences were brought together. In the evening 500 were present, and nearly as many in the afternoon.

**Portsmouth: High-street.**—There was a large congregation at the High-street chapel last Sunday evening, when the Rev. D. Delta Evans completed ten weeks' appreciated pulpit service. At a congregational meeting subsequently held, Mr. Evans was warmly thanked, and a resolution was unanimously passed inviting him to become the permanent minister of the church. Mr. Evans has promised to consider the matter, and to give a definite answer early in the new year. During the last ten Sundays the evening congregations have averaged considerably over a hundred. Three new members joined the church on Sunday night.

**Saffron Walden: General Baptist Chapel.**—On the 27th inst., in the forenoon, the marriage took place of Mr. Jabez Corby, of Wickn-Bonhunt, and Miss Charlotte Tinworth, of Saffron Walden. Miss Tinworth has been a most ardent worker and a genuine support to our chapel and Sunday school for nearly thirty years. Her departure from Saffron Walden is a great loss to both Sunday school and church.

**Scarborough.**—The Rev. J. Wain has just concluded a series of nine "Centenary Memoirs" delivered on Sunday evenings to



good congregations. The subjects comprised O. W. Holmes, Mendelssohn, Abraham Lincoln, Charles Darwin, Thomas Paine, Tennyson, Gladstone, Samuel Johnson (Bi-Centenary) and Calvin (Quater-Centenary). The address on Thomas Paine was repeated, by request, on a subsequent occasion, at the Labour Hall. On Sunday evening, November 21, the members of the congregation adopted the resolution with reference to the recent interchanges of visits and hospitality between English and German ministers of religion, recognising and emphasising the feelings of good fellowship and mutual respect which it is hoped will further the cause of peace. On Wednesday, 17th ult., the Rev. J. A. S. Wilson, M.A., the newly-appointed minister of South Cliff Congregational Church, lectured on "De Quincey," and on Tuesday, 30th ult., the Rev. H. Weale, another Congregational minister in the town, addressed the Young People's Guild. The Progressive League, though small in numbers, is making encouraging advances, and meets fortnightly to hear addresses and discussions on such subjects as Emerson, the Minority Report, Vivisection, Jesus and the Social Order (this by the Rev. E. H. Reeman, of Hull, on Friday, December 10).

**Wakefield: Westgate Chapel.**—The annual sermons were preached at the above chapel on Sunday, November 21. In the morning, Mrs. W. T. Davies, M.A., took the devotional part of the service, and the Rev. W. T. Davies preached the sermon. In the evening Mrs. W. T. Davies preached, and the Rev. W. T. Davies took the service. There were large congregations, particularly in the evening—almost 300 being present. Special music was rendered by the choir, and the collections taken on behalf of the Sunday school amounted to over £9. On the Monday evening the annual congregational soirée was held in the schoolrooms, and all available accommodation was taxed to the uttermost. Two large companies sat down to tea, and the after-meeting was crowded out. The Rev. W. T. Davies was in the chair, supported by F. J. Kitson, Esq. (ex-Lord Mayor of Leeds), F. Clayton, Esq. (Leeds), Revs. A. H. Dolphin (Sheffield), W. R. Shanks (Holbeck), G. Slack (Congregational Minister, Wakefield). The Rev. W. T. Davies in opening regretted the absence of the Rev. Andrew Chalmers (ex-minister), and read letters of apology from the Rev. C. Hargrove and W. H. Marriott, Esq. (Chairman of the Chapel Trustees). He hoped such a large assembly augured well for the future, and meant great things on behalf of the congregation at the old Westgate Chapel. Mr. Kitson expressed great pleasure in coming to Wakefield, and was glad to see so many young people present. The Rev. A. H. Dolphin (secretary) made a strong plea for the work of the Yorkshire Unitarian Union, and hoped the congregation at Wakefield would manfully take its share in the new movements of the future. The Rev. W. R. Shanks gave a stirring address emphasising the points that new thought and the on-coming of democracy meant much to Unitarianism, and it must adjust itself continuously to the best in life. The Rev. Geo. Slack (Congregationalist) said though there were differences between Congregationalists and Unitarians, there were many points of agreement. They were both one in demanding freedom from the fettering of State control, and they were one in their desire to establish truth. Behind all, they were one in the Love of Christ. During the evening there was an excellent programme of music.

## NOTES AND JOTTINGS.

The Winter Exhibition of the Burlington Fine Arts Club opened this week, the chief feature being a collection of pictures of the Umbrian School.

SIR CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD has been denouncing in a letter to the *Times* the pronunciation of "wind," even in singing, as if it rhymed with "mind," and he puts it on record that "so complete a master of the sound qualities of the English language as the late Lord Tennyson protested strongly to me against this destruction by singers of the characteristic short "i" in "wind."

"Storm" rhymes to "worm," but no one would advance that reason for pronouncing it "sturm."

IN his interesting life of Handel, which has just appeared, Mr. R. A. Streatfield says that the turning point in the great musician's career "was when, in 1747, he threw aside his subscription, and appealed to the public at large. The aristocracy had failed him, and he turned to the middle class. There he found the audience that he had sought in vain in the pampered worldlings of the Court. The splendid seriousness of Handel's music, its wide humanity, its exaltation of thought, its unflinching dignity of utterance, had fallen on deaf ears so long as he appealed only to an aristocratic audience. It was in the heart and brain of the middle class that Handel found at last an echo of his clarion call. For fifty years he had piped in vain to princelings; he turned to the people and found at once the sympathy that he had sought."

THE German Colonial estimates provide over £20,000 for combating sleeping sickness. Of this sum £17,500 is for German East Africa, and £2,500 for Togoland.

SIR HERBERT TREE lately said to an interviewer, "I believe in having dreams, and in turning them into realities. Every person who has seen 'False Gods' has been, to however small an extent, educated towards the idea that the theatre may be a medium of developing the most serious issues of humanity. The way to treat the public is to give them what you like, and teach them to like it."

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON, speaking at the dinner of the London District of the Institute of Journalists, referred to his first editorial venture (says the *Daily News*), the *South Polar Times* six years ago, of which one copy was published—typewritten. His next effort, the *Aurora Australis*, published last year, was more ambitious, and of this a hundred copies were printed. "That work was not done by me," he said, modestly. "Two of my comrades went to a printer's and learned all they could in a fortnight, with the result that we turned out a book 'down under,' which even had all the commas in. We had to put a candle under the inking plate to keep the ink liquid enough so that we could carry on the work. It was published at the rate of one page a day."

THE late Sir Theodore Martin has left portraits of his wife (formerly Miss Helen Faucit), by various artists, to Glasgow, Edinburgh, Manchester, and Stratford-on-Avon; while a bust, by Foley, goes to the National Portrait Gallery, London.

THE beautiful view of Windsor Castle from the river near Brocas Clump, one of the best-known characteristic "bits" of English scenery, will, it is to be hoped, be saved by the National Trust from the hands of the spoiler. The Trust is appealing for £3,000 to purchase the fields, fringed with tall trees, beyond which the fretted stonework on the roof of St. George's Chapel can be seen above a picturesque group of old tiled houses. The King has given £500.

THE foreign editor of the *Times*, Mr. V. Chirol, said recently, speaking to the China Association, that nothing had struck him more during his recent visit to China than the sudden and overwhelming inrush of new ideas within the last decade. Into what shape they will ultimately crystallise he would not attempt to prophesy, but certainly within twenty years' time, or sooner, we should have a very different China to deal with from the China of twenty years ago.

OWING to the necessity of providing for a deficiency in the revenue due to the gradual suppression of opium and other abuses, says the Hong-Kong correspondent of *The Times*, the Legislative Council has unanimously passed the second reading of a Bill providing for the collection of a duty on intoxicating liquors, the annual amount to be derived from which is estimated at Rs.1,000,000 (£87,500).

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